

The Sketch

No. 1247—Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



"THREE CHEERS": MR. HARRY LAUDER, NOW OF REVUE.

London will give a warm welcome to Harry Lauder at the Shaftesbury Theatre on the 21st, when, according to present arrangements, he will tear himself from his native heath, as represented by the variety theatres, and plant his foot firmly on the boards of "the legitimate." Mr. Lauder is a versatile artist, acting, singing, and pattering like "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and it is good to hear that he is well pleased with his part in the new pro-

duction by Harry Grattan and Herman Darewski—that of a real country Scottish laddie. In his new rôle Mr. Lauder will be seen in all sorts of characters, which will enable him to reveal himself as an actor. There will be a sound story not destitute of romance, and when he opens at the Shaftesbury he may count upon a hearty welcome and anticipate that the title, "Three Cheers: Red, White and Blue," will prove the greeting accorded to the "Scottish laddie."

KEEPING HUNTS GOING IN WAR TIME: IRISH SPORTSWOMEN.



WIFE OF CAPTAIN HERBERT GOFF: MRS. GOFF, A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE WATERFORD HUNT.



WIFE OF A V.C.: MRS. BOYD ROCHFORD, AT A MEET OF THE WESTMEATH.



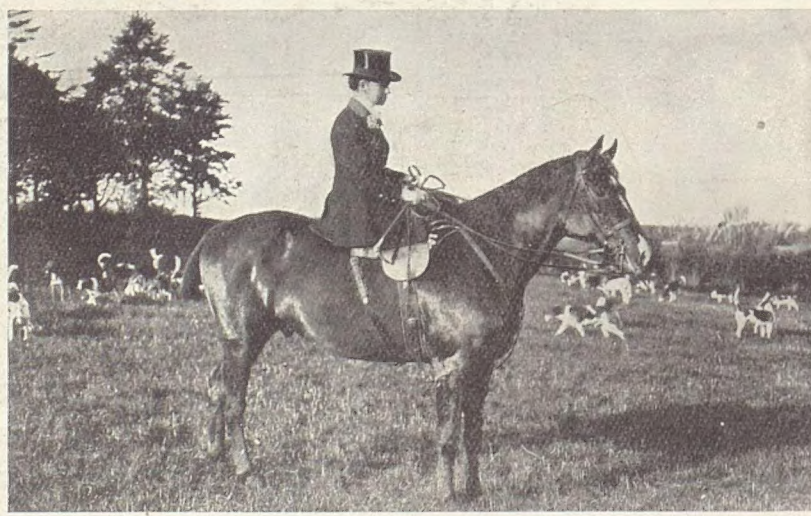
ACTING MASTER OF THE WEXFORD VICE HER HUSBAND, AT THE FRONT: MRS. LAKIN.



VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT'S ONLY DAUGHTER, A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE BRAY HARRIERS. THE HON. DOREEN WINGFIELD.



OF THE MEATH HUNT: LADY HELEN CONYNGHAM, WHOSE TWO BROTHERS ARE SERVING.



THE POPULAR M.F.H. OF THE WEST CARBERY: MISS EDITH CONONE SOMERVILLE, JOINT AUTHOR OF "DAN RUSSEL, THE FOX," AND OTHER BOOKS.

While the men are at the war, hunting the Hun, the hunting of the fox has mostly to be carried on by women, who are doing much to keep up the sport. Mrs. Herbert Goff is the wife of the only son and heir of Sir William Davis-Goff, Bt., and daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Stewart Scott.—Mrs. Boyd Rochfort is the wife of Lieutenant G. A. Boyd Rochfort, of Middleton Park, Co. Westmeath, who won the V.C. last year.—Mrs. Lakin is acting as Master of the Wexford Hunt for her husband, Captain M. L. Lakin, D.S.O., of the Hussars. She is a daughter of the late Lord Maurice Fitzgerald.—The Hon. Doreen Wingfield is the eldest child and only

daughter of Viscount Powerscourt. She has two brothers.—Lady Helen Conyngham is the youngest sister of the Marquess Conyngham, who is in the Army, as also is his brother, Lord Frederick Conyngham.—Miss Edith Somerville is well known both as sportswoman and author. She was Master of the West Carbery Hunt from 1903-8, and re-established it in 1912. In collaboration with the late Miss Violet Martin ("Martin Ross") she has written many novels and articles, including "Experiences of an Irish R.M.," "Dan Russel, the Fox," "A Patrick's Day Hunt," and "Slipper's A.B.C. of Foxhunting."—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford]

A CYCLISTS' COUNTESS: THE WIFE OF A WOUNDED PEER.



WIFE OF THE EARL OF ROTHES, OF THE CYCLISTS: THE COUNTESS OF ROTHES; WITH HER YOUNGER BOY, THE HON. JOHN LESLIE.

Before her marriage to the Earl of Rothes, who is the nineteenth of his line and a Representative Peer of Scotland, the Countess was Miss Lucy Noël Martha Dyer-Edwards. She is the only child of Mr. Thomas Dyer-Edwards, of Prinknash Park, Gloucester, and the Château de Retival, Caudebec-en-Caux, Normandy. Her elder son, Lord Leslie, was born in 1902, and the younger, the Hon. John Wayland Leslie,

in 1909. The Leslies are a Scottish family of old renown. William, the third Earl of Rothes, was killed at Flodden. The seventh Earl carried the Sword of State at Charles the Second's Coronation at Scone, was taken prisoner at Worcester, and on the Restoration was released and given high office. The present Earl, who was recently wounded, is Lieutenant-Colonel of a Cyclist Battalion—[Photograph by Swaine.]



MURRAY-MAKING.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I AM in a warlike mood, dear boys. I like not at all this for ever forbiddingness. It's bad enough to have the damp, and the mist, and the cold, and to wait-and-see you once in a half-year. But now, when we do see you, we are not even to dance with you! Do you remember some time ago I was advising you to have your mufti things ready for you when you come on leave? Well, it's no good; mufti even won't help you—you won't be able to dance at all. You are allowed to die, but not to dance. After having stuck in the mud for months and months, or roasted your soles on the desert's sands, one would think that you had deserved to feel a good floor under your feet again. But it is not to be. It seems to me we are developing the "Verboten" habit with a vengeance. There is no rule (as yet!) forbidding you to pull crackers and kiss under the mistletoe—so far, these are still considered as innocent pastimes. So I suppose we'll have to fall back on that: the crackers and—er—paper caps and whistles, I mean. So much more dignified than dancing, is it not?

On Sunday night, at Murray's, I saw several Yous looking on longingly while we were merrymaking—or murrayng, rather. You know the long, shiny space of floor, between the panelled wall and the tables—just to look at the parquet makes one's feet flutter; and those poor young men had to endure seeing the others fox-trotting and tangoing before their eyes while they were "making tapestry," as we say in French of the wall-flowers. I could see their long faces in the mirrors as I whirled by, and I wanted to tell them all of my indignant sympathy.

The penalty of being frivolous is that no one ever takes you seriously; but really, I do think the tendency to cut off amusements is having a bad effect on our nerves. Presently some well-known man will notice it, and the newspaper posters will have headlines like this, "Compulsory Amusement for All," and a law will be passed to make us take our one, two, or three theatre shows a week, so as to keep us all in health and good-humour.

Everybody left in town is pretty gloomy these days. The only cheery people are those back from the front on leave or wounded—yes, in spite of all the

"damping" don'ts they get. An unconventional friend who gave a soldiers' party realised this, and called a vote of thanks to her guests for having cheered their hostess!

There's a lot of new meaning in that word "Entente." Every day I find that it expresses more than alliance—*understanding*. French is being spoken by English people as it never was before. There is not a concert where French songs or recitations are not given. I was reflecting on this at the Caxton Hall on Friday. There was a concert there in aid of the Mother's Arms, and one of Messenger's songs, "La Maison Grise," was sung in a perfectly charming manner, without the slightest trace of an accent, by a young English singer, Mr. Austin Carnegie; and the warm way in which the audience clapped and encored showed that not only did they like Mr. Carnegie's voice, but also that they understood and appreciated the words of the song.

Yes, you'll find a few things changed here. For instance, after dinner, if you ramble with her and a cigarette in the conservatory, I hope that your sense of the practical will make you appreciate sitting, not under the traditional useless palms and orchids or forced lilac, but between potatoes in pots and spring

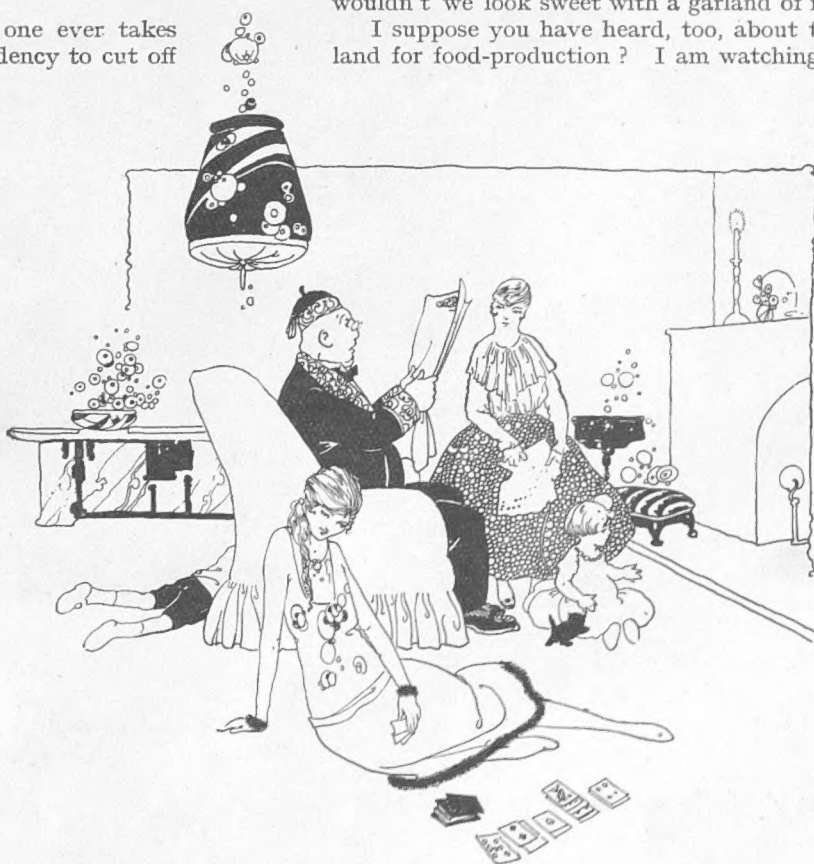
onions in bulb-bowls! For, as you perhaps know if you follow our food question from afar, there is a serious suggestion here of utilising hot-houses for growing vegetables. A day may come when we women will trim our bodices with red and ripe tomatoes; and very effective they will look on black (pity they crush so easily!); and wouldn't we look sweet with a garland of radishes on our hair?

I suppose you have heard, too, about the utilising of waste land for food-production? I am watching this face-to-the-land

and hand-to-the-plough plan with great interest. I have always been fond of gardens and things that grow. I am looking forward to those pleasant and useful little parties of congenial people who will form themselves to trail scarlet-runners on Hampstead Heath during the Season, instead of doing the Row from eleven to one. We'll go to Ranelagh—to inspect our crops; and the moors will see us in the autumn just as before; but neither the game nor the beaters will have anything to



"Wouldn't we women look sweet with a garland of radishes on our hair?"



"Everybody is pretty gloomy these days. The only cheery people are those back from the front."

fear—we'll go merely to prune the corn and water the salsify! Prepare yourselves to see Society shepherdesses grazing their sheep on the banks of the Serpentine, and genteel goose-girls around the Achilles Statue watching their flocks while discussing the very latest way of filing one's nails!

Another wrinkle—marry while you may; that is, while there are still enough wedding-rings to go round their little finger. At tea-time yesterday, I noticed a new and surprising furrow in Margot's forehead. "Anything wrong, my dear?" "Rather!" said Margot despondently. "Haven't you heard? It seems gold is getting so scarce that there won't be enough left to make wedding-rings any more. I don't know what Tom and I are going to do about it?" "Oh, you sly one; you never told me. I didn't know you and Tom were going to be married."

"Neither does Tom! but I meant to let him propose on his next leave!" (the ingenious ingénue!); "but if there are no gold wedding-rings, I won't feel as if we were properly married." What of those 'cute shell-rings you turn out so neatly in your spare time, young men? I think any bride would feel a deeper thrill still when such a ring was put on her finger. As I said to Margot, the serious shortage just at present in the marriage line is not so much rings—but husbands!

This war is teaching us quite a lot of little facts of which we were before



"I never knew they grew sugar in Canada, did you?"

in shameful ignorance. For instance, I never knew they grew sugar in Canada, did you? I thought the chief products and exports of Canada were timber and—magnificent men! But yesterday, in a little out-of-the-way place in London, I tasted Canadian sugar for the first time. It's brown and hard, and the flavour of it is not unlike sand mixed with molasses! I am not running it down! I like new sensations and experiences. I have been taught at college (and our chemistry professor was a formidable person, whose word one had better accept!), that one can make sugar out of a chair-leg. I'll soon know for certain, since you, my friend, Captain D., are announcing me the good news of your leave, and planning a few pleasant moments together. What better purpose for conversation than imparting useful information to the frivolous? What say you? Thank you for your letter of the 5th, and your finds; but I don't know German well enough to read those documents all by myself. Perhaps you will help me, is it not? I can see I am going to learn quite a lot with you!

Many thanks also to a "Lone Cavalry You" who is *très ennuyé* through not having had a show this year, and find your letters the only bright spots to look forward to in the long winter months.

Phrynette, dear and best beloved
Of all adoring khaki Yous,
See us kneeling at your feet,
Kiss your dainty shoes.
How the dreary week would drag
In this life without your letter!
That's a thought that makes me sad;
Life in Hades would be better!
Never fail us, then, dear lady.
Write each week to cheer us up,
All your clever little sayings
They're the things that mean so much.
Please forgive these awful verses,
From a lone, adoring You,
Who has not the gift of writing—
You forgive, then—yes, please do.

P.S.—Love from all the other Youlettes
Loving one alone—just you.

It is sweet—though I take it with a spoonful of salt!
Thank you, my friend; in poetry, as in other things, it is the heart that counts and not the feet! I don't mean anything



"... Never fail us, then, dear lady. Write each week to cheer us up."

disparaging about your metre. It may be Miltonian! I can't scan in English!

But I am not sure your chums will relish being called "Youlettes!" Two of them think even the term "Yous" undignified!

There are two new plays in town with each a *hero-hero* in it. I mean a soldier-man as the character in the play. One is "My Superior Officer," by Michael Morton, at the London Opera House; and the other is "London Pride," by Gladys Unger and A. Neil Lyons, at Wyndham's. I have seen neither yet, but Cynicuss tells me that they are "not at all rotten shows, don't you know—quite got there." Which, knowing Cynicuss, his eloquence and vocabulary, I translate by "quite good plays, pathetic and true." So, friend Fred, I think we'll go there together, shall we?



"There is no rule (as yet!) forbidding you to pull crackers and kiss under the mistletoe."

SMALL TALK

AT the marriage in Edinburgh last week of Captain Huddleston and Miss Rawdon Hastings, the bride was given away by her uncle, the Earl of Loudoun. The Duke and Duchess



TO MARRY CAPTAIN SYDNEY HALLAM: MISS CATHERINE DORA MEIRE.

Miss Meire is the daughter of Mr. Walter Hadderton Meire, of Brundall, Norwich. Captain Hallam is son of Mr. Isaac Hallam, late of Fritton Hall, near Great Yarmouth, and is in the Norfolk Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.

of Norfolk attended the ceremony (a Catholic one), and afterwards went on to the reception in Princes Street; and officers of the Royal Scots formed a guard of honour. "They do fine instead of bridesmaids," said an on-looker; and certainly the whole thing was a picture, with Princes Street for setting, Royal Scots for bodyguard, and with a touch of Roman ceremonial to lend colour to the Edinburgh grey. The only really homely figure was that of the Premier Duke of England, Head of all the Howards.



HEIRESS TO HER BROTHER'S BARONY: THE HON. NAN INO HERBERT.

The Hon. Nan Ino Herbert is the sister of the late Lord Lucas, who was recently killed in the war, and, as Lord Lucas was unmarried, she succeeds to the Barony of Lucas of Crudwell.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Ducal. The shilling tea and five-shilling dinner limit suggests an attitude of mind towards the officer that really, in practical life, hardly exists at all outside this business of meal-limits. Take, for instance, the Duke of Westminster's offer to turn both Eaton Hall and Grosvenor House into hospitals, and the War Office's acceptance of that offer. There, surely, you have the right temper. It would, of course, be almost less trouble, and a good deal less costly, to build bungalow hospitals (meaner versions, say, of the hospital on Kensington Palace Green), if the mood of the great householders and of the War Office were wholly stern and drastic. But the Duke has done the handsome and lavish thing. Instead of thinking twice about safeguarding his priceless carpets and other incomparable treasures at Eaton Hall and Grosvenor House, by shutting up both those establishments, he is giving the wounded the advantage of his very gallant quarters. In other words, he is treating them in ducal fashion, and ignoring what is known as the "one-bob touch."

Lady Loughborough. Less significant than the scene-shifting that goes with the Government shuffle, but interesting all the same, is the ordinary give-and-take of house-hunting. Lord and Lady Loughborough, for instance, have found a dwelling greatly to their liking in the West End. They were assisted in their search



A NEW PORTRAIT: THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY, WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Mackay is the daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Justice Moriarty. Her husband is Lieutenant the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, heir to Lord Inchcape, and is at present in France, with his regiment.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

by the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, a lady with a genius for "traffics and discoveries" in the world of bricks and mortar. Lady Loughborough is, of course, something of a stranger in London; but there is one extremely good reason for believing that she will be very well known before long. A girl—especially a girl with a house and a title—who is voted as being one of the ten most perfectly beautiful beauties of her day cannot long remain obscure.

Widows' Houses. Berkeley Square has lost its chief in the person of Lord Fitz-Hardinge; and Hill Street, Stratton Street, and Bruton Street are all likewise affected. The odd thing is that nobody seems to be very certain to whom Berkeley Square and the rest of the late Peer's London property does, in the meantime, belong. Somebody, probably, knows well enough; but I doubt if half the tenants in Berkeley Square could, any day last week, have named their landlord. The nearest relative left by Lord Fitz-Hardinge is his sister, the Dowager Lady Gifford, who, being old, lives in Hampton Court Palace, without, so to speak, any house of her own. But how many houses—almost against her will, one can believe—she may be on the point of possessing!

A Charterhouse Wedding. Founder's Day at Charterhouse should, by rights, be kept with feasting as well as religious services. But last week the Master, assisted



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT R. HILTON: MISS P. M. WOODIN.

Miss Woodin is the eldest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Stanley H. Woodin, of Yarmouth Rectory, Isle of Wight. Lieutenant Hilton, R.G.A. and R.F.A., is the son of Mr. J. E. Hilton, of Lambourne, Berks.

Photograph by Langfier.

by a Bishop, modified the festive features to the minimum. Old Carthusians turned up in numbers, all the same, and, even if champagne-cup was to seek, the worthy Master did not fail to make the reunion a pleasant one. His own household has been for the past few days pre-occupied with the pleasant business of wedding preparations, for his charming daughter, Miss Phyllis Davies, marries Captain Eric Robertson this week. Wedding Day and Founder's Day together make an event indeed in Carthusian chronicles.



MARRIED ON DEC. 16: MISS MADELEINE GOODRICH (MRS. SYDNEY KEKEWICH).

The marriage of Miss Madeleine Goodrich was arranged to take place on Saturday last, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, to Mr. Sydney Kekewich, who is in the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

A PATRIOTIC PEERESS — OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION.



DIRECTOR OF A MILITARY COOKING SECTION: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Lady Londonderry, of whom we give a new portrait, in the uniform of the Women's Legion Military Cooking Section, of which the Marchioness is Director, is the wife of Major the Marquess of Londonderry, Royal Horse Guards, who is the seventh holder of the title. Lady Londonderry is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, P.C., the great authority on agricultural questions, who was the first President of the Board of

Agriculture. Miss Edith Chaplin, as the Marchioness was then, was married, in 1899, to Viscount Castlereagh, which was then the title of her husband, and they have four children—the heir, Viscount Castlereagh, born in 1902; and three daughters. Lord Londonderry has lent several of his houses as hospitals for the wounded, Londonderry House, in Park Lane, being used as a hospital for officers.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME, PLEASE, TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

My First Christmas Card.

My first Christmas card reached me this morning. It is rather a handsome little thing. It is, in reality, a booklet, full of reading-matter and profusely illustrated. It is not exactly cheerful in tone, but the sender means well. He sent it for my good.

He wishes me to remember that, in addition to the fact that war is war, life is also life. He is fond of the word "contingencies," and he has been at some pains to concoct a list of "contingencies" which may, at any moment, when I least expect them, continge.

In case I am too lazy to read the printed matter, or too dull to understand it when read, he has induced an artist to depict the "contingencies." The artist, I am bound to say, has thrown all his soul into the work. He has made no attempt to gloss over any of the horrors of life. I will endeavour to describe, very briefly, these delightful little works of Art, in order that you, friend the reader, although you may not receive this particular Christmas card, may approach the Yuletide season in a fittingly decorous spirit.

CONTINGENCY I.

FIRE.—Here we see a beautiful old country mansion—just such a mansion as always figures on the best Christmas cards—being devoured by flames. "Devoured" is the exact word. The flames are making a thorough meal of the old mansion. They roar to heaven, and the one wee fireman, with his wee pipe, is a creature pathetic in his utter helplessness.

CONTINGENCY II.

LOSS OF RENT.—Here we have the ideal building of your dreams in an uncompleted state. Scaffold-poles stick up all around it. One lazy workman, a hod over his shoulder, adorns the foreground. Little he cares for your "loss of rent"! Another is slowly trundling a wheelbarrow in the wrong direction. And I think it is raining.

CONTINGENCY III.

BURGLARY.—Here we see a particularly evil-looking fellow, in a nasty cloth cap, ransacking a bureau. He has a watch in his hand, appraising the value. His pockets are stuffed with necklaces and diamond rings.

CONTINGENCY IV.

LARCENY.—A maid, neatly arrayed in cap and apron, but a baggage for all that, is hovering over a jewel-case. She is either the daughter or the sister of the burglar in "Contingency III." She goes about her work in just the same attentive style.

CONTINGENCY V.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.—Ah! Retribution has overtaken the larcenic maid! Hearing the voice of her mistress in the hall, she has hurriedly left the jewel-case and rushed for the stairs. A loose stair-rod, and down she comes on her head. But will the Law regard this as a just punishment? Oh, no! Her employer is compelled to pay huge sums to get the maid restored to health so that she may make another attack on the jewel-case!

CONTINGENCY VI.

BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES FROM FROST.—This is a peculiarly sad scene. It takes place, apparently, in the drawing-room. I had never imagined that there could be so many water-pipes in a drawing-room. However, here they are, all burst, and all spouting gallons of water over the beautifully upholstered chairs and sofas, the Chippendale tables, and the Sheraton sideboard!

CONTINGENCY VII.

STORM, FLOOD, AND TEMPEST.—The same drawing-room, I fancy, but the burst pipes have yielded pride of place to the sea, the river, and the clouds. The beautifully upholstered chairs and sofas are now afloat; the Chippendale tables are making for the lawn; and the Sheraton sideboard has been badly torpedoed by the fender!

CONTINGENCY VIII.

GAS EXPLOSIONS.—Here we meet, for the first time, the mistress of the house. Undaunted by the larcenic maid, and the floating furniture, and the other contingencies, she is about to make all cosy for a quiet cup of tea. She strikes a match, and what happens? Look at the picture! The furniture, scarcely dry from the last adventure, simply leaps at her from every part of the room! The gas-bracket gives way, the ceiling falls, and the poor young wife . . . !

CONTINGENCY IX.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDERSTORM.—But the evening is only beginning. A fearful storm comes on, and the Chippendale sideboard, that gay old piece, stands on one toe and pirouettes at an amazing speed all over the house! Nothing can withstand it!

CONTINGENCY X.

RIOTS AND STRIKES.—Now the infuriated mob—all mobs are always

infuriated—seize their opportunity! Breaking into the wrecked house, they fling the furniture into the street and set it alight! Who is to prevent them? The swooning young mistress? Yes! She rushes to the telephone, still intact—(Here is an oversight. Surely there should be an **ACCIDENTAL ELECTROCUTION CONTINGENCY**?)—and calls to her husband (who should have been sent for ages ago) to come at once.

CONTINGENCY XI.

OWNERS AND HOUSEHOLDERS' LIABILITY.—Here the story takes a slightly happier turn. The husband, hurrying to his shattered home, has the good fortune to be struck on the back of the neck with a tile falling from the roof of his neighbour! Compensation must follow, and his home will be restored with his neighbour's money.

CONTINGENCY XII.

MIRROR-BREAKAGE.—So life settles down in its accustomed grooves, and we see the new maid—the larcenic lady being safely jailed—breaking the drawing-room mirror in the most homely and comfortable way.

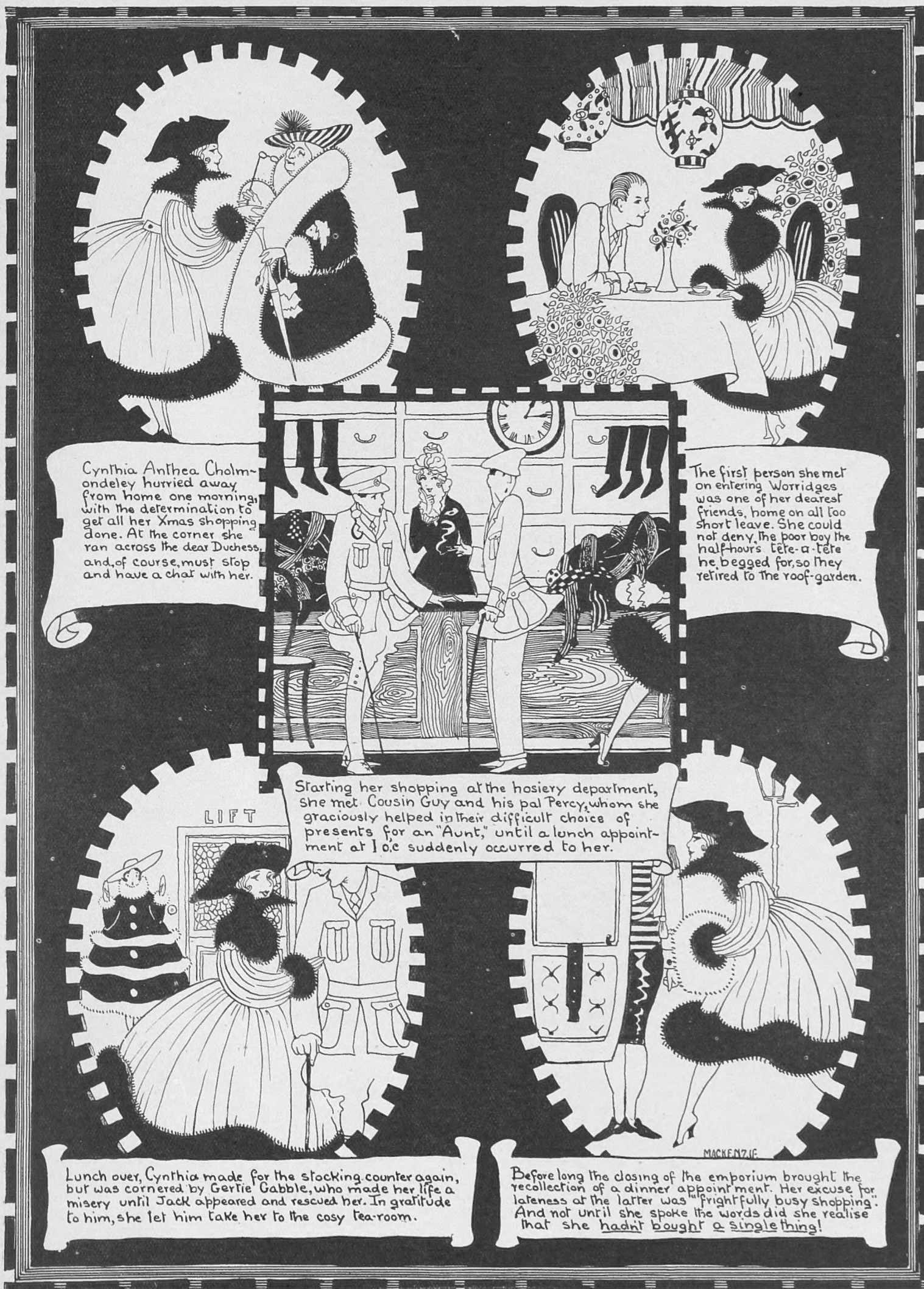
And at all these "contingencies" you may scoff if you will only insure with—



CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN RESIDENCE AT OTTAWA: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AT RIDEAU HALL.

This photograph was taken at Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's residence at Ottawa. In front are the Duke and Duchess. Their two daughters, Lady Blanche (on left) and Lady Maud Cavendish (on right) are seen each holding a dog on the lead. At the back on the left is Lord Richard Nevill, Comptroller of the Household, next to Lady Violet Henderson (carrying a dog), wife of Colonel the Hon. Harold Henderson. On the extreme right is the Duchess's private secretary, Miss Saunders, next to Captain A. Mackintosh, A.D.C.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: CHRISTMAS "SHOPPING."





THE CLUBMAN

CHRISTMAS AT HOME AND AT THE FRONT: LAND AND THE LABOUR QUESTION: GOLF COURSES.

Another War Christmas.

Once again Christmas finds our boys in khaki in the trenches, looking across the horrors of No Man's Land to the wave of earth that is a German trench. Though there is neither peace nor good-will for the fighting men facing each other, there is curiously little ill-will—at least, among our own men. They are athletes playing the greatest game in the world, and so long as their adversaries play the game fairly our boys have no deep dislike for them. It is not in the trenches that hymns of hate are invented, and it is not in the trenches, either, that such villainies as flame-projectors and poison-gas are thought out. When the first Christmas of peace comes again, our men will think without rancour of the men who spent Christmas opposite to them and lit their bits of candles on the top of the parapet.

War Weariness.

War weariness touches everyone, but it touches those who stay at home more than it does those who are out in the foughten field. The man in the trenches, whether he be officer or private, goes about his work, and now and again thinks of the room in which he has been used to eat his Christmas dinner, and of the party gathered afterwards round the fire which throws long reflections on to the glowing walls; the home party all the evening are thinking of the lad out in the cold, and the weariness touches them more nearly than it does the man who lives in immediate danger.

A Christmas Resolve.

One of our Christmas resolves should be to fight this war weariness. To fight it does not mean to forget it, but to make up our minds to look all the disappointments and privations that are to come firmly in the face, and to be cheerful in spite of them. Winston Churchill, quite early in the war, told us that we should have to endure, and it is owing to the fact that our power of endurance and our obstinacy is greater than that of the Germans that our Allies and ourselves will gain the victory. When the pinch is at its sharpest we shall meet it with smiling faces if we are of the old staunch England that has countless times endured and conquered. War weariness is a real enemy that waits at our elbow every moment of the day.

Christmas Parties.

I take it that more people than usual will spend their Christmas this year in London, and that there will be fewer of those country gatherings to which members of a family come from all parts of Great Britain. We have been asked not to travel unnecessarily at Christmas time. The petrol difficulty will interfere with the sending of motor-cars

frequent journeys to the local station; and, if turkeys and plum-pudding and ham go astray when sent by train at Christmas in peaceful years, how much more likely they will be to get lost during this Christmas of general war conditions. Most of the clubmen of England who are at home and not in some theatre of war are wearing khaki, and in all probability they will spend their Christmas with their men, will go round the dinners and taste the plum-pudding, and will drink the good health of the King and of the men they command. It is not the conventional clubman's Christmas, but it is the Christmas most of us will spend.

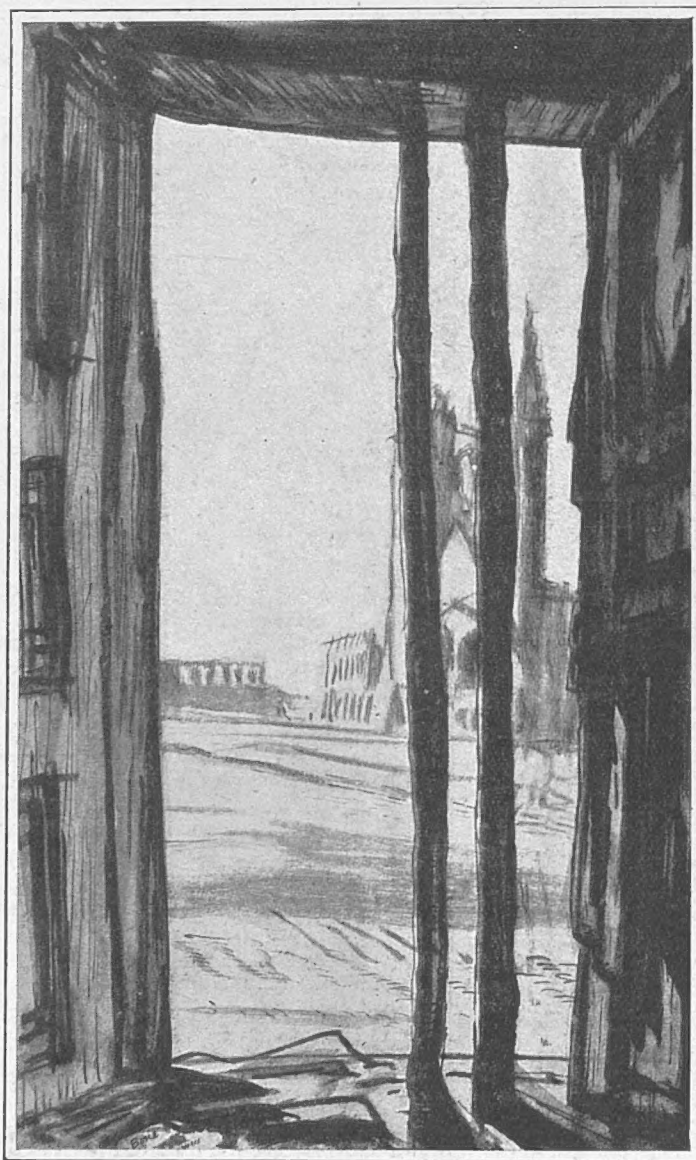
Labourers Wanted.

In the clubs men up from the country talk to each other of the numbers of acres of grass-land they propose to plough up and to plant with vegetables or grain. I fancy that there is no park, however small, in the length and breadth of Great Britain the owner of which will not sacrifice it to the extent of destroying the beauty of his grass acres by digging them up. Where the labour is to be found is a point that the owners of broad acres cannot determine. German prisoners should, according to some of the disputants, take the place of some of the tens of thousands of the agricultural labourers gone to the front, but every owner of property has his own panacea for the shortage of labour.

London Allotments.

Looking at a large-scale map of the county of London, it appears to be entirely covered with houses and gardens, except where the parks are great patches of green, with the blue of ornamental water as a patch within a patch. But there are 14,000 acres of idle land in London, apart from the parks and public gardens, and each acre of this land should be capable at war prices of producing one hundred and twenty pounds' worth of food. Unfortunately, these allotments are not, most of them, within close reach of the men who have a little time to spare daily, and who, if they had a plot in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, Regent's or Battersea Parks, could go and dig there for half-an-hour before breakfast and at lunch-time. The land of the parks is said to be very poor for agricultural purposes though their flower-beds are the admiration of the world. On the outskirts of London—where, no doubt, land is better—I have seen in the past twelve months the members of a golf club planting potatoes on parts of their course clear of the fair-way, and I have no doubt that a ball that has to be got

out of a potato patch is just as difficult to play as a ball in a clump of furze. But, so far as the waste land of London is concerned, I do not think that the clubmen of London will take a large part in its cultivation. Their duties in this respect lie more in the country.



FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT": "THE GRAND' PLACE AND RUINS OF THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES"—A MUIRHEAD BONE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

That distinguished artist, Mr. Muirhead Bone, has been engaged for some months as an officer in the British Army in France, making drawings of places and incidents in the war for permanent record in the British Museum. It should interest many to know that reproductions of some of these drawings are being published (by authority of the War Office) in monthly parts, at two shillings net, with appropriate letterpress, under the title, "The Western Front." The first part has a Preface by Sir Douglas Haig. With regard to this illustration, it will be noted how the gaunt emptiness of Ypres is expressed in this drawing, done from the doorway of a ruined church in a neighbouring square. The grass has grown long this summer on the Grand' Place, and is creeping up over the heaps of ruins. The only continuous sound in Ypres is that of birds, which sing in it as if it were country.

“HOUP-LA!” Mlle. JOSEPHINE OF THE CIRCUS.



READY FOR THE RING: MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS TILLIE RUNSTEAD, AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Although Miss Gertie Millar is the "leading equestrienne," Tillie Runstead, in the new musical comedy at the luxurious new theatre, St. Martin's, she has many opportunities of exercising her charm and versatility, of singing sweetly and piquantly, and once more proving herself a born actress with a covetable sense of humour. Needless

to add, as our photograph evidences, Miss Millar is, as always, as pretty as a picture, and that her gift of winning honours all along the line never for a moment fails her in all the varied "business" of her latest role. Her welcome in the new theatre must have delighted even so great a popular favourite.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

'AND Dukes were two a penny,' says the song. Lord Chancellors are not by any means so cheap, but they are multiplying in a manner that would have pleased the kindly Gilbertian monarch. Mr. Harold Cox, however, is not pleased. He thinks of the cost, and looks as suspiciously at the increasing number

of ex-Chancellors who draw £5000 a year as Lloyd George might have done in the days when he was watching out for those whom he might surtax. But there are two sides even to this apparently simple and costly business of rewarding Party lawyers; and Mr. Edmund Gosse puts the other side in a letter written, presumably, from the library of the House of Lords—a pleasant preserve that may well be a little fluttered, but not too seriously, by the criticisms of one of the ablest and most discomfiting of Commons. Mr. Gosse ingeniously suggests that the country saves a thousand a year on every five thousand paid to an ex-Chancellor.

The Useful Seal.

When Lord Chancellor Erskine was told that Parry, the Arctic explorer, had lived on seals, he remarked, "And a very good living too, if you can keep them long enough." He did not, evidently, set much store on the aftermath, nor take into consideration the commonwealth of ex-Chancellors in the lump. As individuals, it pays them to keep the seal and the ten thousand; as a class, they prosper better if they relinquish the post as, soon as may be, get on to the Pensions list, and make room for another full-blown Chancellor, who, in his turn, does the same for a brother of the profession. Pensions, of course, have this advantage—they can be relinquished. But even then there are difficulties. You must keep them altogether, or relinquish them altogether. When, a few years ago, Lord Balfour found himself flourishing in business, he proposed that he should resign his pension, with power to resume it should his other income cease; but there was no precedent for such a course, and the legal conditions were unfavourable. Thus do good intentions get strangled in red tape.

The Man. It was Mr. Prothero, the new Minister of Agriculture, who tackled Mr. Lloyd George during the disputes about the management of the Bedford estates. He tackled the Duke's opponents with the ability of a man who knew his subject from end to end, and who is practised with the pen. Many people thought he had "landed" his antagonist as conclusively as he has often landed salmon from the River Tay, and he rejoiced the hearts of those who used to mark their displeasure by speaking of "the man George," and of editors who made a rule never so much as to mention the hated name of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Rowland Prothero are colleagues, and nobody is scandalised; and Lloyd George, instead of being "the man George," is "the man."

The Curzon Engagement.

Lord Curzon could not have done anything more proper and apposite than become engaged. A charming wife is part of the suitable equipment of a public man when he leaves the duller reaches of publicity, such as learned chairmanships and presidentships, for the full lights of a War Council. And, if Lord Curzon has any faults, they are those of being a superior person—a man alone; and, since it is judged that the pride of family and place is apt to grow upon a solitary more speedily than upon one who allows himself to be worked upon by the humanising influences of a wife, we must rejoice, with Lord Curzon, in the advent of exactly the right lady.

The Strong Men. The Lady Curzon elect has plenty of humour, and the sweetness and generosity that come of being beautiful. She has, like the first Lady Curzon, a great part to play, albeit, perhaps, an easier one than fell to the lot of her predecessor in the days of the Curzon Vice-royalty, when the question arose as to how far the native Princes would be "chaperoned" by Delhi. India was greatly impressed by Lord Curzon, of course; but Indians do not necessarily take a great Englishman at the English valuation. When he made picturesque speeches and rode on the tallest of Durbar elephants, Fleet Street said, "He knows his people. See how he knows them!" But the Indian was saying something else: "We have derived much pleasure by the sight of Lord Curzon's elephant procession, and now we are hastening to see the English athlete Sandow place a weight of several maunds on his breast. We know not which is the greater spectacle!"

Mond-Days. Lady Mond—the Violet Mond of the famous "Mondays" in Lowndes Square—is a great acquisition to the ranks of the Ministerial ladies. She has been—and is—many things in turn: the maker of a salon; a power behind a flourishing magazine, though now it must be counted among the back numbers of her ambitions; a witty talker; a brilliant friend to young poets and painters. The Mond Collection of Old Masters did not come her husband's way; but the phrase stands for the gatherings of living and talking young masters of the Arts who used to congregate in her drawing-room.

A Lady of the Salon. A creature of flashes, of intermingling frankness and reserves, this moment withdrawn, her eyes distant, her profile ambiguous; the next turned full on her companion, generous with smiles of agreement and frankness. It is the manner of artifice, if you like—the artifice that no woman who mixes freely in various worlds can neglect. Artifice, eleven times in twelve, is well intentioned; only by artifice does your Lady of the Salon satisfy all the claims put upon her by the multitudinous egoists who seek her company. Lady Mond has never failed to impress.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT A. REGINALD COURTENAY: MISS EDITH KENNEDY ASHWORTH. Miss Ashworth is the daughter of Dr. James Henry Ashworth, of Vigne House, Cliftonville. Lieutenant Courtenay is the son of the Rev. C. and Mrs. Courtenay, of Rome.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT L. F. H. WHISTON: MISS PHYLLIS BENTLIF.

Miss Bentlif is the daughter of Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. Bentlif, and Mrs. Bentlif, of St. Heliers, Jersey. Lieutenant Whiston is in the Hussars.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS CHARLES LEYLAND SPEED: MISS MYRTLE DERING.

Miss Dering is the daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Dering, of Surrenden-Dering, Kent. Captain Speed is the son of Major and Mrs. Elmer Speed, of Knowlton Court, Canterbury, and Prince's Gate, and is in the King's Royal Rifles, and R.F.C.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN WILLIAM DUDLEY COLES: MISS WINIFRED MADGE HARRISON.

Miss Harrison is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Harrison, of Hurstdale, Sevenoaks. Captain Coles is the son of the late Mr. John Frederick Coles, and Mrs. Coles, of Norwood.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT C. D. ALLENDER FENWICK: MISS BERYL NESTA METCALFE.

Miss Metcalfe is the daughter of Engineer-Captain H. W. Metcalfe, R.N., of Harbledown, Canterbury. Lieutenant Fenwick is the son of the late Lieutenant Charles Fenwick, R.N., and of Mrs. Grimwood, Wraysbury.

Photograph by Swaine.

BILLIE AND BABY: A BONNY YOUNGSTER WITH A BIG NAME.



*Miss Billie Burke's Daughter: Miss Florence Patience
Burke Ziegfeld, aged Three Weeks—and her Mother.*

London playgoers, who have many pleasant memories of that charming and clever young actress, Miss Billie Burke, will be interested in this new and pretty photograph. Miss Burke has made many friends among the playgoing public both in London and New York, and has toured on the Continent, always with success. She is of American

birth, daughter of the late Mr. William E. and Mrs. Blanche Burke, of Washington, U.S.A., and was married, in 1914, to Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld jun., who is well known in American and London theatrical circles as the manager of the Century Theatre, New York.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

TWO OF THEM.



MISTRESS: Did you heat up that veal-and-ham pie as I toid you, Susan?

SUSAN: Yes, Mum.

MISTRESS: Very well. We'll have it for lunch.

SUSAN: Lor', Mum! 'Ow can yer, Mum, when I've het it hup?

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



THE REV. SHYBIRD: I had such a curious dream last night. I dreamt I was in the Garden of Eden;

MISS KENSINGTON: Oh, how toppin'. And did Eve appear as she is generally represented?

THE REV. SHYBIRD: I—I—er—I didn't look.

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

OPEN CROWN AND TRANSPARENT BRIM: THE HAT FANTASTIC.



American Millinery!—The Dolly Sisters, in "His Bridal Night," at the Republic Theatre, New York.

The type of hat whose crown, being transparent, appears to consist of "woman's crowning glory" her hair, is not unfamiliar in this country. Our photograph shows how American milliners, for stage purposes, have improved upon the same idea. The crown is, so to speak, looped, or cut in a pattern leaving parts of the hair

exposed, while the transparent effect is given to a huge brim. The *tout ensemble* is distinctly novel, if somewhat fantastic. The Dolly Sisters, who are twins, are seen in the costume they wear in "His Bridal Night," at the Republic Theatre, New York, in which they are very effective.—[Photograph by White.]

see that you give the British Pen!

Examine any pen you think of buying this Christmas, and see where it is made. If it is a British-made Onoto, put it in your parcel. If it is "Made in——" anywhere else, put it on the Black List.

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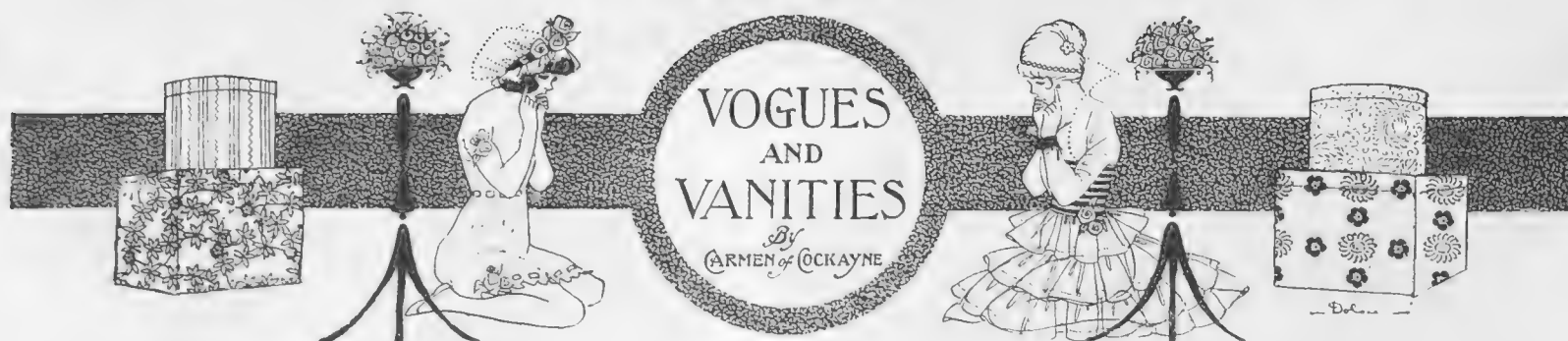
the British Pen
is the Onoto

EXEMPT !



THE SERGEANT : Sullivan ! Captain Waxon wants you. He's got a bone to pick with you !
SULLIVAN : Come off it, Sergeant ! The Captain's a vegetarian !

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Christmas Presents.

We cannot abolish Christmas—or presents. Probably very few people would acquiesce in so drastic a measure, even if it were within the bounds of possibility, for Christmas present-giving, like the traditional Christmas dinner many of us will forego this year, has become part of the national life. But we can, and in many cases should, modify both Christmas and presents, which is very far indeed from advocating a mean abstention from gift-giving. Most people, however, will agree that this is *not* the time for squandering money on things of no account, and, with all but the privileged few, the usefulness of a Christmas present should be a governing consideration. Is it a thing wanted—a thing that would be likely to be bought in any case? Obviously, this view implies turning in many instances to a quite new range of articles. Saucepans and hot-water bottles, kettles and boot-blackening, suggest themselves as useful if not highly decorative articles. Even then there are dangers. For instance, a hot-water bottle sent to a maiden aunt with rigid notions on the luxuriousness of modern times might quite conceivably result in the loss of a legacy, so that in the long run a judiciously selected novel or a flower-vase might prove cheaper to the State and the ratepayers; and it's a delicate matter to ascertain the exact condition of someone else's cooking-pots.

Council and Confusion.

In the light of modern conditions, Solomon's plan for seeking the advice of many councillors doesn't particularly commend itself, though it might have served very well before the twentieth century brought its own methods of giving advice. Naturally, everyone wants to do the right thing by their country, but the real difficulty lies in finding out where-in the right thing consists. Most people have their own views on the subject that admit of no contradiction; and, besides that, the advice showered on all and sundry through the columns of the Press is apt to be a trifle confusing to people of less settled convictions. As an example, no sooner have you decided to spend 15s. 6d. on War Loan that will become £1 a few years hence for the benefit of someone else, or resolved on a War Savings Card for some luckless godchild, than your eye is caught by an announcement that the human frame needs sugar, and that jam is the most wholesome medium for absorbing it. You hastily decide to put aside certificates in favour of marmalade—a resolution that lasts until your attention is arrested by a denunciation of those depraved ones who persist in eating sugar even when the country is threatened with a shortage. A further paragraph that women are denied the opportunity of making comparatively cheap jam for want of sugar, in order that they may have the privilege of buying it dearly from manufacturers—who, apparently, can get as much as they want—

doesn't tend to clarity of thought. Books, in the light of paper prices, seem a sinful waste, and a smart hat an unpardonable extravagance, until someone better informed than yourself tells you that good dressing is an absolute and patriotic necessity if the spirits of our "heroes" are to be maintained.

A Straight Tip. It's all very perplexing, and, after much thought, the best way out of the difficulty seems to be a visit to some accommodating establishment accustomed to solving apparently insoluble problems, and in this connection

Messrs. Waring and Gillow, of Oxford Street, offer a vast selection of the kind of things that can be legitimately called presents with a purpose and a justification. There, at any rate, due regard has been paid to the necessity of combining practical considerations with the business of present-giving. Dolores shows on this page a whole batch of cushions, any of which would be acceptable to a woman with enlightened ideas on house-decoration. Besides being delightfully decorative, they serve a utilitarian purpose. They not only provide rest and refreshment for wearied war-workers, and so encourage them to work another day, but they

are cheerful and stimulating, and we need cheer and stimulation this Christmas; and, anyhow, pretty cushions appeal to every woman, which is an added reason in favour of buying them.

"Tank" Cushions.

Futurism isn't quite the force it was in the old care-free days, when sensations, political or otherwise, were lacking in life. But it has its value as a tonic, and the orange-and-brown "Tank" cushion on the left, besides being up to date, is gay enough to brace even the most jaded nerves. Or there is the plum-pudding cushion, designed to remind us of the happy times when there weren't any sumptuary laws, and "sweets" at dinner, instead of being a luxury, were

just an ordinary feature of any well-conducted meal. The example shown beneath the lady is made of green-and-blue shot silk, with a bunch of coloured silk fruit on top, but the scheme can be suited to varying tastes. Or, again, there's glass. Few could raise any objection to a present of glass, provided you exercise due care in the choosing of it, and observe a due sense of fitness by not sending champagne-glasses to a poor relation or a crystal basin and ewer to someone who habitually lives in hotels. But, as the glass department in the Oxford Street house is rather more than usually extensive, the chances of going wrong are very slight indeed. For the privileged few who can indulge their taste for present-giving regardless of such details as price, the statuary and fancy sections offer a rich harvest, though here, again, considerations of utility have not been overlooked—after all, there's no knowing in what direction the new President of the Board of Trade will break out.



Beauty and comfort conspire together in this heap of lovely cushions. The left-hand one is known as the "Tank," that on which the figure is seated the "Plum Pudding," and the others merely achieve a riot of vivid colouring.

REFLECTIONS !



THE WAR PUP: Great Beatty! No wonder the Huns don't like us chaps!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



POOR MISS SIMPSON: A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY.

By H. MAXWELL.

WHEN you are a prey to disappointment, vague or otherwise; when you are conscious of extreme dissatisfaction with yourself and the state of your affairs, you know perfectly well that this is not due to any fault of your own, but to somebody else. It is a method of reasoning which is invariable and universal; and it must be so, because it is the reasoning of the imperfect human soul.

In other words, it is what is called a Psychological Law.

Mr. Mortimer Nixon, M.P. for the Southern Division of Pimlico, was a victim of this insidious and delusive Law.

He was in politics, like so many other politicians, for what he could get out of it; and he had got nothing out of it.

No social countenance, no prestige, no notoriety, not even a knighthood. He had not been asked to deliver a Sunday lecture at His Majesty's Theatre. He had not been blackmailed. He had not been charged with any offence under the Defence of the Realm Act, although he had published dozens of pamphlets. He had not been invited to be President of any of the Leagues which raise funds by having a Day and selling little paper flags to a pusillanimous public.

On the other hand, he had served on countless Committees, whose futile deliberations not only bored him as a man of average common-sense, but positively shocked him as a man of business. He had been harassed beyond belief, and in excess of all previous experience, by demands from his poorer constituents for pecuniary relief. And he had given up his modest glass of claret at dinner and his one whisky-and-soda at night, against his better judgment, on the false representation that his self-denial would attract the favourable notice of the Prime Minister, as well as that the force of his example would exercise an enormously salutary influence on those who get habitually drunk.

And that is all he had got out of politics.

Nothing; even less than nothing.

No wonder he felt exasperated.

And it was all the more exasperating because, with the solitary exception of politics, he had never been in any single thing without getting quite a lot out of it.

Take his Penny-Quick Cough Cure, for instance.

You paid a penny for a lozenge-shaped something in a frail pill-box; and when you had taken it your cough was much better for five minutes, and sometimes for a quarter-of-an-hour; and the sale of the Penny-Quick Cough Cure, which even in a bad year amounted to ten million boxes, had brought him an enormous fortune.

How few there are of us who could have done that!

Indeed, most of us are content to pay Mr. Nixon pennies, and merely get in return an aggravated cough.

And because his *malaise* was very severe, and he was very miserable and irritated with himself, he naturally tried, in unconscious obedience to another of those delusive Psychological Laws, to work it off on the nearest sentient being, which happened to be

Miss Simpson, his exceedingly efficient and valuable secretary and amanuensis.

Not that he thought for an instant that the fact of his having got nothing out of politics was Miss Simpson's fault. He knew better. But he thought he also knew that Miss Simpson was the person whom he could most easily and immediately make uncomfortable; and to make someone uncomfortable was his urgent moral and physical need of the moment.

"Miss Simpson," he said, "you can stop your typing; I have something I wish to say to you."

Miss Simpson's slender fingers at once ceased to fly over the keyboard, and, with her rather attractive features composed to rapt attention, she answered on a note of subdued inquiry—

"Yes, Mr. Nixon?"

"I have decided to retire from Political Life, as I get nothing out of it; and therefore you will understand I shall no longer have any occasion for your services. I think this day month—"

He paused; he saw the blow had gone home.

Miss Simpson had an aged mother to keep, and various ineffectual relatives to help, out of the salary she earned as Mr. Nixon's secretary and amanuensis; and as it was not an ungenerous salary, and she was not as young as she used to be, it was very unlikely she would ever get so good a job again.

She wilted visibly, and he very considerably feigned a tickling in the throat, and coughed to give her time to recover herself.

It has been rightly said that the majority of women are capable of high moral courage to a degree which puts men's feeble efforts in the same direction to utter shame, and Miss Simpson was one of that majority.

Mr. Nixon had hardly begun to cough when she rose from her chair, walked across the room, and handed him one of his own Penny-Quick Cough Cure lozenges; and when you realise that he knew what they were made of, and she knew what they were made of, and, moreover, that she knew he knew she knew, you will be able to form a just estimate of the sublime courage displayed.

Mr. Nixon, momentarily unnerved from sheer surprise, accepted the lozenge, and after only a vestige of hesitation, which, in the circumstances, was entirely natural, popped it into his mouth. Whereupon Miss Simpson regained her chair, and proceeded to demonstrate her intimate knowledge of Psychological Laws.

"I think," she said, as one speaking after calm reflection, "that you are quite right to retire from political life. And I may tell you that I have been fully prepared to hear you announce this decision any day now for many months past."

No doubt this was very wrong; but it seems to me that if you will steadfastly bear in mind her aged mother and the other ineffectual relatives to whose support she had to contribute, you will have no difficulty in making large allowances for poor Miss Simpson.

"Fully prepared!" said Mr. Nixon indignantly, for it is strangely galling to hear that a course of action which you have resolved upon



AS MISS COHEN, THE TYPIST, IN "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY":
MISS NANCY MORE.

Miss More, who hails from Bonnie Scotland, also played Miss Cohen in "Potash and Perlmutter." Before that she was at the Gaiety.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

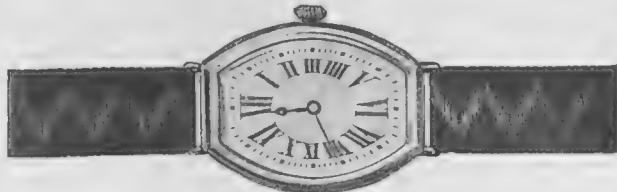
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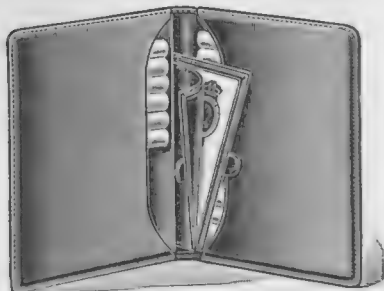
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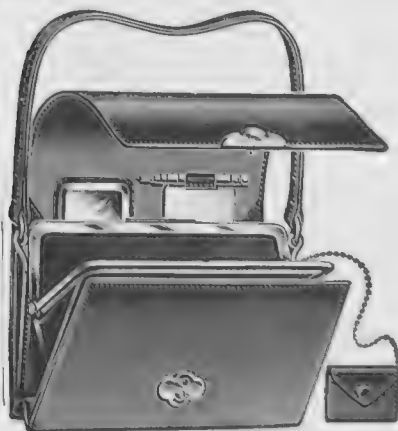


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on the spur of the moment has been confidently expected by somebody else for months past.

Incidentally, it also diminishes your desire to adopt the particular course of action in question.

That is a Psychological Law.

"Fully prepared," Miss Simpson repeated. "There is a berth waiting for me to step into, and, if you can spare me without inconvenience, I shall be glad to be released to-morrow."



WIFE OF THE NEW CONTROLLER OF FOOD:
LADY DEVONPORT.

On the surface, the duties of the Controller of Food would not seem among the most popular features of the work of the new Government; but the public will submit with a good grace to such arrangements as may be advisable. Lord Devonport is a Privy Councillor, and a man of wide experience. Lady Devonport was Miss Selina Chester, daughter of Mr. Edward Chester, of Blisworth, Northampton.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

And I did not say I had irrevocably decided to retire from political life; I said I had decided to think of it, in view of the fact that I am getting nothing out of it. You entirely misunderstood my meaning. When I have finally decided that there is nothing to be got out of it you shall have ample notice, and then it will be time enough for you to make your own plans. I should like to know the nature of the employment you are fully prepared to step into."

A faint blush suddenly mantled Miss Simpson's cheeks, which augmented quite remarkably the attractiveness of her agreeably refined features. She may have been blushing for the two fibs she had already told, but it is my belief that she was blushing in advance for the one she was now going to tell. And Mr. Nixon, who had never seen her blush, was markedly and most pleasurably affected.

"I am going to be married," said poor Miss Simpson.

"Indeed!" gasped Mr. Nixon, suddenly perceiving the true cause of his *malaise*.

This is quite in accordance with one of the best-known Psychological Laws.

"Yes," continued Miss Simpson, amazed at her own hardihood; "I am going to marry a very old friend who has been on the brink of proposing to me for weeks. He is most kind, most considerate, and he has virtually promised to provide for mother. It will relieve me of a grave burden of anxiety. I shall give him

I must again observe that if you will only give full weight to the aged mother and the other relatives, you should have little difficulty in forgiving poor Miss Simpson for her departure from strict exactitude. Have not many Cabinet Ministers erred in this direction without a tittle of extenuation?

"I cannot do that," said Mr. Nixon in a tone of voice that can only be described as shocked.

He was shocked. I believe you would have been, in his place, and I am sure I should.

"Of course, if it is not convenient, Mr. Nixon—"

"It is most inconvenient—I cannot hear of it, Miss Simpson.

at once the very slight encouragement he needs, and, when he proposes, accept him."

"This is truly shocking," said Mr. Nixon; and he walked in a perturbed manner from his own writing-table to Miss Simpson's desk, and bent over her. "You must consider what you are doing," he said impressively. "To cherish an aged mother is most laudable; but to marry a friend, however old and importunate, solely to escape the burden of supporting her, is unworthy of a woman of your cultivated intelligence and refined instincts. I beg you will pause before you take a step fraught with such dire possibilities of humiliation and unhappiness."

"I think I see what you mean, Mr. Nixon; but when I said I had decided to marry, I did not say I had irrevocably decided to marry him."

"Then why not marry me?"

"Oh, Mortimer!" said poor Miss Simpson.

"Oh, Jane!" said Mr. Nixon.

A little while after, Miss Simpson said—

"Oh, Mortimer, I saw this coming; but you were so long about it, and wandering so wide of the mark, that I began to think it never would come. It was dreadful to know you were

attributing your *malaise* to politics, when all the time it was me, and not to be able to help you."

Here I think Miss Simpson does herself less than justice. In my view, she had been of material assistance to Mr. Nixon.

"Then I am the old friend who has been on the brink for weeks?" said Mr. Nixon, with a distinct suggestion of stiffness.

But the stiffness passed as instantly as breath fades from a polished mirror, for Miss Simpson immediately said—

"Oh, Mortimer, I have never been in anything for what I can get out of it, but only for what I can put into it. And I have always put my best into everything I've been in, and so at the last I've got the best out of everything, because now I've got you."

"And that," added poor Miss Simpson, "is the best and the truest of all the Psychological Laws."

It is a very curious fact that, since Mr. Nixon married Miss Simpson, three of the things he most desired have fallen to his lot—

(1) He has been knighted.

(2) He has delivered a Sunday lecture at Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's theatre.

(3) He has been invited to be the first President of a new League which intends to have a Day and raise funds by selling little paper flags to a pusillanimous public.

THE END.



WIFE OF THE NEWLY NOMINATED PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: LADY STANLEY.

Lady Stanley, the wife of Sir Albert Stanley, who is nominated for the responsible duties of President of the Board of Trade in the new Government, was, before her marriage, which took place twelve years ago, Miss Grace Lowry Woodruff. Lady Stanley has many friends, and will be a valuable aide to her clever husband on the social side of his career.

Photograph by Swaine.



DAUGHTERS OF A NEWLY ANNOUNCED MINISTER:
THE MISSES STANLEY.

The Misses Stanley, of whom we give a portrait—with their pet dogs—are the daughters of Sir Albert Stanley, who is nominated as President of the Board of Trade in the new Government. Their father was born in Derby; and his father was Mr. Henry Stanley, of Detroit, Michigan. Sir Albert is a famous organiser, being Managing-Director of the Underground Electric Railways Company, the London General Omnibus Company, and of the Metropolitan District, Central London, City and South London, and London Electric Railways.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

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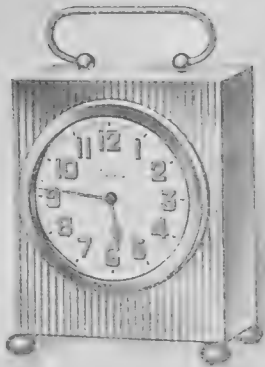
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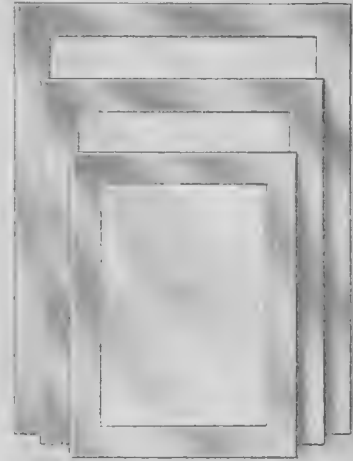
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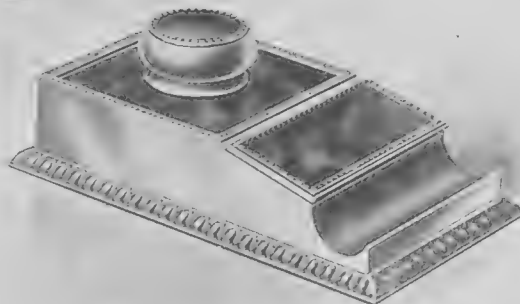
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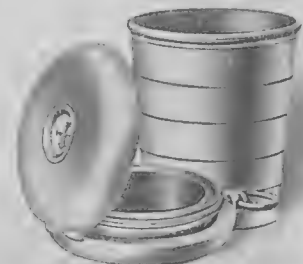
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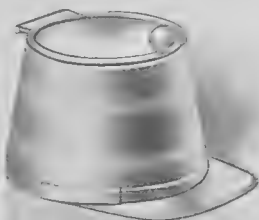
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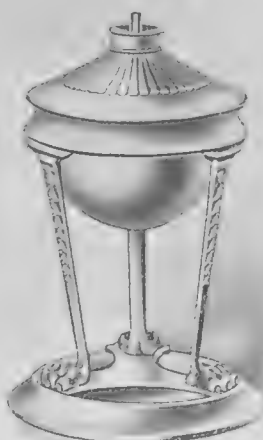
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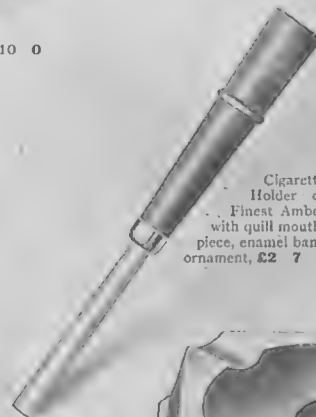
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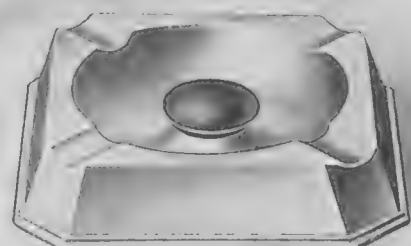
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WOMAN'S WAYS

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

Picking One's Way in London.

The new War Government suggests one of Disraeli's earlier political novels come true. This mélange of Peers with brains and long-sighted Labour leaders, with a man of fiery energy and vision at the head, would have delighted Lord Beaconsfield. It represents his early ideal—a Conservative Democracy. Yet such social upheavals, which have all the disturbing and demolishing effects of an earthquake, must leave London Society profoundly altered, and even divided into camps and hostile groups. It is not too much to say that drawing-rooms, dinner-tables, and club smoking-rooms are seething with unrest. How could it be otherwise? The ladies, we may depend upon it, will have their say. If—as the new War Council is bound to do—drastic sumptuary laws are promptly brought in, and taxation increased, the Peris who are now outside Paradise will not be sparing of criticism of those within. We shall all have to go "pussy-footing," as the Americans call it, for a while, until we find out who is patriotic enough to support the new Government in spite of their political or personal prejudices. Conversation may be a prickly affair, and tact will be the first essential.

Bring Your Own Sugar.

The new hospitality, when the war gets into full swing, will be rather like those somewhat childish "surprise parties" which make the social diversion of small American townships. The guests arrive, ostensibly a *l'imprévue*, bringing with them all the elements required for sustained conviviality. They then turn the victim's house upside down, and proceed to dance and enjoy themselves. Very soon even the most hospitable hostess will be obliged to urge you, do you propose to join her festal board, to bring with you certain necessities, such as sugar and—who knows?—perhaps salt. There will always be plenty of luxuries like wine, for in every siege we have ever read of, from Lucknow to Ladysmith, the besieged could drink unlimited champagne, though meat was non-existent and bread was hard to come by. We shall get quite accustomed to going about with small packets of sugar concealed about our persons; and possibly within a few months an invitation to dinner will assume an importance it did not possess in the far, far off days before 1914. Unfortunately, millionaires are usually far-sighted and patriotic, and given to meticulous saving, so that no prospect of "free meals" can be hoped for in that quarter. What the Victorians used to call the "lower orders" will probably be the most generous in their hospitality, and feasting will go on in Mile End long after it has ceased in Mayfair.

The Resilient Sex.

I have long held a theory that women, far from belonging to the "weaker" sex, were constructed of some durable and hard-wearing material like india-rubber, which gives them distinct points over the more "nervy" sex. One saw this in the Suffrage war—now happily over. One or two of the men who took up hunger-striking either died or lost their reason. Ambulance workers abroad tell you that amateur nurses can bear to look at the horrors of war better than amateur ambulance men. I know lovely young girls, who before the war never did anything more muscular

WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: LADY CARSON.

Lady Carson is the second wife of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., who is nominated First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry, and to whom she was married, as his second wife, in 1914. Lady Carson was Miss Ruby Frewen,

Photograph by Lafayette.

than play a game of golf or tennis, who are driving huge motor lorries full of workmen in the dead of night out to munition works twenty miles away!

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The Dancing Hours."

By HAROLD OHLSON.
(Bodley Head.)

bestows on her the one thing lacking—the De Vere touch—by an ingenious story of her birth, he may be said to have done quite handsomely by her. But even more may be said for Jane, and a great deal felt for her. She is so generous a blackmailer,

so dignified an adventuress, such an all-round delightful young woman, that no one will feel that fate is too lavish with her. The whole business is as light as possible, with elements of farce about it that lend the story a bubbly briskness. Jane was determined to quit the pawn-shop for higher spheres, and used some old letters to unlock a certain Lady Alicia's front door. Once inside, Lady Alicia took her very soon straight into her affection; and racked her brain, as Jane's suitors buzzed round, for likely explanations of Jane's antecedents. A perfectly horrid Mr. Brown, inflamed by rejected passion, is the wicked signpost ever pointing towards Deptford and the pawnbroking business. Without him, Jane's triumph would be too lightly won; and his appearances are perfectly stage-managed till the Ponsonby revelation enthrones Jane where she would be in the very best of families. The time given to its reading will go very like the dancing hours of its title.



TO MARRY MR. CLAUDE FOWNES LUTTRELL:
MISS EDITH ROSE LEIGH.

Miss Leigh is the daughter of Mr. Robert Kennaway Leigh, of Bardon, Washford, Somerset. Mr. Claude Luttrell, formerly Captain in the North Somerset Yeomanry, is the son of the late Mr. George Fownes Luttrell, and of Mrs. Luttrell, Dunster Castle, Somerset.

Photograph by Lafayette.

"The Wonderful Year."

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.
(Bodley Head.)

is very thin indeed. The fantasy spreads, the sentimentality thickens, till faith grows feeble in the truth of his yarn and concern languishes for the matter of it. Too much has been asked of that "easy pervasive charm" that sent the reviewers to write glowing reviews of Aristide Pujol, of Clementina Wing. Fortinbras lived by five franc fees extracted from discontented dwellers of the Latin Quarter, who dubbed him "Marchand de Bonheur," went to him for counsel of happiness, and observed the strict etiquette of the preliminary five francs. He talked like all the philosophers plus his author. He is just the mixture of fine chivalry and shifty living, of wisdom and folly, that Mr. Locke adores. A tired tutor out of work and a disconsolate art student meet in Paris. They have each a small sum of money. Ten francs of it go to Fortinbras, who sends them off on bicycles along the French high-roads to Brantôme and its inn. There they await him, and the man, being the weaker vessel, falls in with his suggestion (bought with an additional fee) that he should become the *garçon* of the establishment. The girl escaped home, but a characteristically Lockian episode returns her to France as the bride of the inn-keeper; while the tutor-*garçon*, who enlisted in the French Army, marries Félice, the inn-keeper's niece and daughter of Fortinbras. Such a Wonderful Year is too wonderful—or perhaps it is not wonderful enough! It may be that we are living in so truly and gravely Wonderful a year in the world of sad and stern realities that even Mr. Locke cannot exercise his usual fascination for us.

Thinner and still more thin grow the webs of Mr. Locke's spinning. "The Wonderful Year"



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER
MISS LOUISE K. BOULTON.

Miss Boulton, who is the only daughter of Captain Harold Boulton, C.V.O., and Mrs. Boulton, has been acting as a nurse at the Military Hospital at Southend for the past fifteen months, and is now helping at the Ministry of Munitions.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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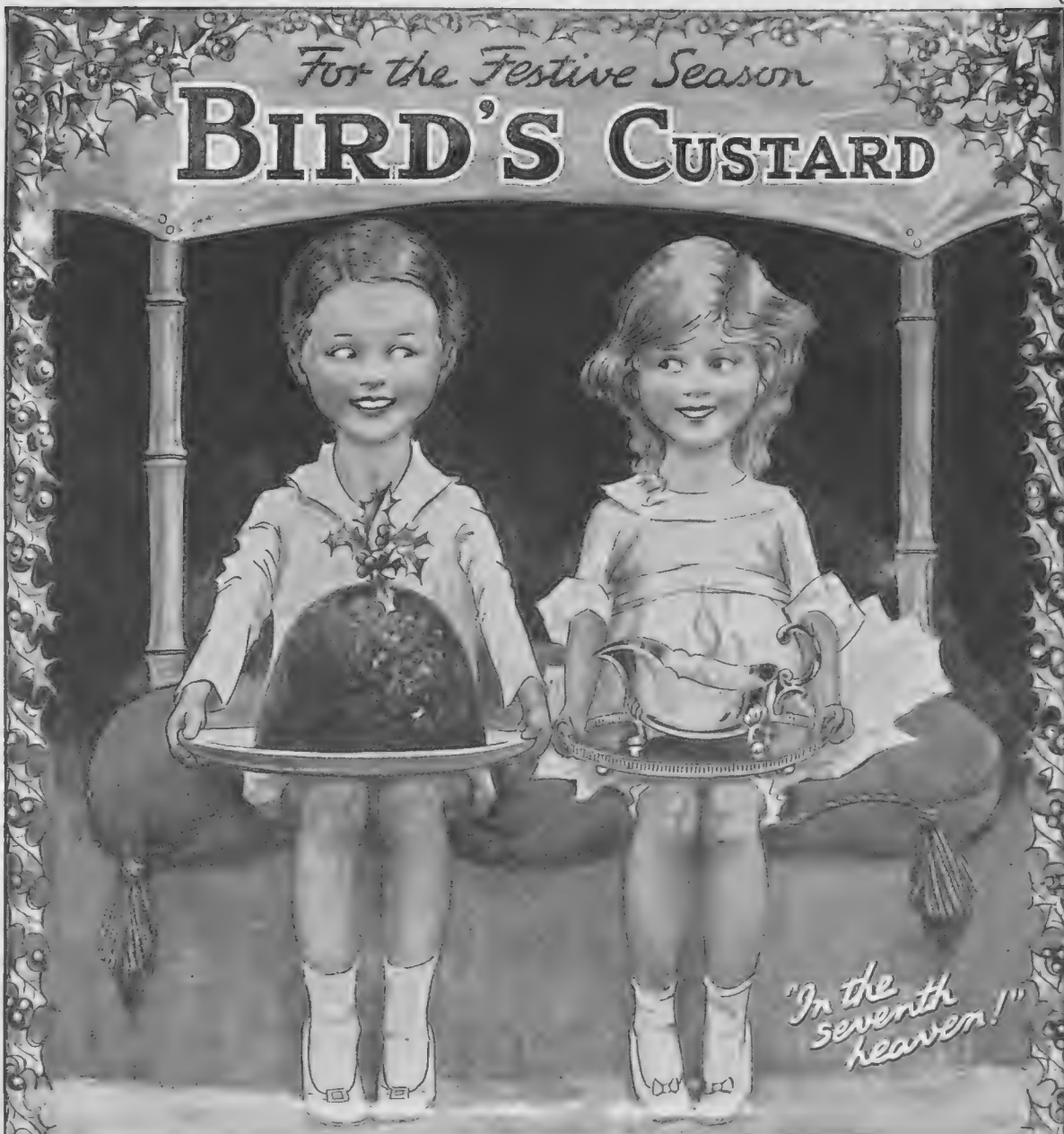
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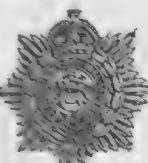
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



A Comely Coming Countess.

The coming Lady Curzon is a very beautiful woman, tall, with finely cut features, fair hair growing charmingly on her brows, and eyes that are soft, large, and lovely. She moves very gracefully, and what would you more? Yet more there is, for she understands very thoroughly the art of dress and its relation to her own attractive person. Once I saw her posed as the Madonna, and a perfect picture of meek saintliness she made. Again, I have seen her fitted at all points as a woman of the world of the very latest mode of *le monde*, and there the part was dressed to perfection. As a widow, in weeds as deep but more up to date than those of the reign of Victoria, she looked pathetically perfect. We may be sure that, as an English Countess, she will continue to be comely and dress the part to perfection. That connoisseur of beauty, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, approves highly of the type of Mrs. Alfredo Duggan's beauty, and of her skill in setting it off. The "o" has, I observe, been dropped from the late Mr. Duggan's Christian name. It always sounded odd, and invested that clever business man with an air of South American romance and adventure.

The Coming Race.

Apologies to the late Bulwer Lytton for using the title of his prophetic fantasy in books to introduce to the notice of readers of *The Sketch* a really patriotic philanthropy. It has for its great friend Lady Beatty, wife of the Admiral in command of our Grand Fleet, and the

Hero of Jutland, a lady who is, on her own most charming account, a prime favourite. It is the National Children's Home, and has to its credit nearly fifty years' experience in child welfare. What we think of in this connection at this time is what it can do for the orphans of our boys in blue, who have gone aloft in the prime of their lives to keep for Britain the freedom of the sea. The N.C.H. is now caring for 200 of these children.

There is a home for them set on the brow of the highest eminence in the town of beautiful Sheringham, whence the little ones can see some of the blue waters round our island which inspired their fathers to gallantry and sacrifice. When they are twelve or thirteen they are transferred to a larger centre under a governor, and will there learn a trade. Thus they are cared for, educated, and equipped for the battle of life, which their glorious fathers died to make free and without handicap for them to win out in, and

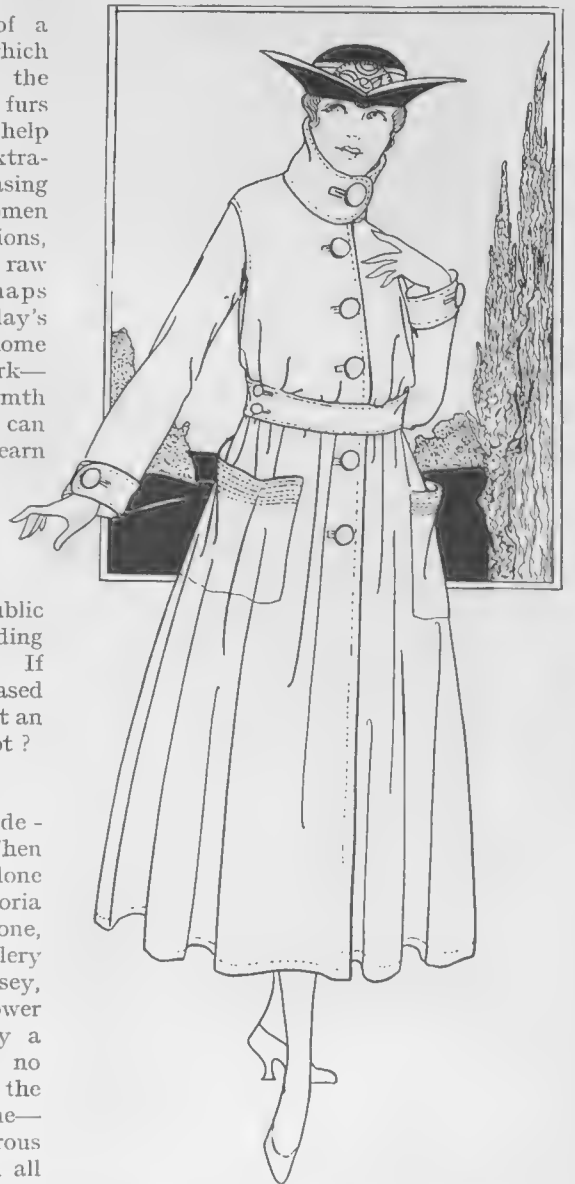
principal, the Rev. W. Hodson Smith, will, on receipt of a postcard addressed to him at 104-122, City Road, E.C., send further particulars of this and other forms of strictly unsectarian war work carried out by the National Children's Home.

Why, and Why Not?

I see a picture of a fur coat, to buy which is said to help the Germans. Are the furs German, or is the help to the Huns by extravagance in purchasing the garment? Women working at munitions, turning out these raw mornings—perhaps from home to a day's work, perhaps to home from a night's work—need all the warmth and comfort they can get. If they can earn fur coats, why not wear them? I am told that fur coats are often made of furs sold by the Public Trustee after winding up German firms. If these can be purchased by British women at an advantage, why not?

Flower Island.

When is Eau-de-Cologne British? When it comes, as it has done since Queen Victoria ascended the throne, from Luce's distillery in the Isle of Jersey, otherwise the Flower Island. It is only a recipe, and has no more to do with the water of Cologne—with the malodorous properties of which all who know the cathedral city are well acquainted—than Bath with bath-buns. Luce's Eau-de-Cologne has come into its own, and deserves to have done so for the patriotic generosity of the firm to our hospitals, in addition to its own great merits.



A TRIM COAT TO DEFY ALL WEATHERS.

A useful and smart tailored coat made of deep purple velours cloth.



A SIMPLE FROCK FOR EVERY EVENING.

Composed of palest pink figured georgette, with deep revers of plain georgette held together at the waist with a black satin rose.

handed down to them magnificent traditions. A well-known authority on social undertakings has written that among all our splendid philanthropic establishments there is none less like an institution and more like an ideal British home than this. The

Never in the history of the Guildhall School of Music have so many successful artists of the day been able to trace the origin of their success to the famous school in John Carpenter Street. The names which spring to the memory include, for instance, Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Dora Labbette, and Miss L. Stiles-Allen. Mr. Thorpe Bates, whose singing in "The Happy Day," at Daly's, is one of its striking features, is also in the list, and another star of the moment is Mr. Frederick Blamey, one of Sir Thomas Beecham's principal tenors at the Aldwych, where several of the new operas are being produced by the Guildhall School Stage Manager, Mr. L. Cairns James. Nor must we omit Miss Mary Law, the famous violinist, and Miss Myra Hess, a past pupil owing much of her success to the pianoforte tuition she received at the Corporation School.

Christmas, even in war time, is inseparably associated with crackers, and crackers are likewise inseparably associated with the name of Tom Smith, "the Cracker King," as he styles himself on one of his new boxes for this season. They are as attractive as ever, and naturally the warlike and patriotic touch is much in evidence in the names and contents of the new crackers. One ingenious novelty is a set of little Red Cross tents with Allied flags, and a Father Christmas at the entrance of each. The accessories include British and Allied flags and caps, and the usual verses and riddles.



Beautiful Chinese Vase, in deep powder blue, 15½ in. high. The exquisite colour combination will blend with any scheme of decoration. Price £3 : 10 : 6 each



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Fine reproduction of a Sugar Castor, after Paul Lamerie (period 1740). The Castor is in massive silver, very richly decorated, 8½ in. high. Price £13 : 13 : 0



A quaint old Water or Milk Jug, with an old coin mounted in the lid, to hold 1½ pints. A very fine piece. Price £2 : 8 : 0 each

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A USEFUL HINT FOR DARKEST LONDON: WINGED HEROES: ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE AIR.

An Untried Expedient.

Although there has been no Zeppelin raid on London for many weeks, and the fate of the marauders was scarcely such as would encourage renewed attempts, the streets are still darkened in the same old way, with no abatement of the restrictions even on foggy nights. Now that our anti-aircraft defences have been shown to be so much more effective than of yore, the average man would much prefer to chance further raids rather than the perils of the streets; but until the powers that be think otherwise we must accept the restrictions with as cheerful a spirit as we can bring to bear. But, meanwhile, a good deal more could be done by the pedestrian to ensure his own safety. He has so long been accustomed to having plenty of light thrown on his person by the shop-illuminations and street-lamps, and also by the powerful lamps on motor vehicles, that even yet, after months of darkness, he does not realise the fact that lamps only act by means of reflection, and that, as the power of those now in use is extremely feeble, something much more effective as a background is required than formerly. Much relief, however, could be afforded to drivers and pedestrians alike if the latter would make a point, when crossing a road or street, of showing something white. Women could wear a white trimming of some sort permanently, but even men could usefully display a white handkerchief between pavement and pavement. The amount of difference this makes in visibility is really extraordinary, and it is food for surprise that something of the kind has not ere now been officially enjoined.

A Fine Record.

Events move so rapidly in the world of aviation that it is well-nigh impossible to tabulate in the memory all the wonderful things that have been accomplished, either in the way of records in speed and endurance or of deeds of gallantry at the seat of war. But a new volume of the Royal Aero Club "Year-Book" has just been issued, and, containing, as annuals do, a large amount of statistical information, it renders possible a review of the flying man's achievements in all conspicuous directions. Not the least interesting feature of the book, of course, is the list of honours gained by members of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps respectively, and at the time of compilation these had amounted to 8 Victoria Crosses, 63 Distinguished Service Orders, 131 Military Crosses, and 34 Distinguished Service Crosses. Splendid as is this summary, the figures would appear even more striking if they had been brought actually up to date, but there is evidence in more than one part of the "Year-Book" of staff shortage or other difficulties having prevented the details being given in the latest form. Even

the name of Captain Robinson, of Cuffley fame, does not figure among the V.C.s, and of course, therefore, the still more recent awards in respect of later Zeppelin destroyers are also absent. As regards the Roll of Honour, the names are given of 74 members of the Royal Aero Club who have died on active service. The list of aviators' certificates granted by the Club shows a total of 2291; but this is no indication of the number of pilots in the Services, inasmuch as the Navy and Army now grant their own certificates.

Noteworthy Performances.

In one sense it may be said that nothing that stands in the way of records is so remarkable as the deeds that are performed daily at the front; but, none the less, it is interesting to glance through the lists and pick out certain achievements which afford indications of what the aviator and the aeroplane are capable. Vedrines, for example, covered 5 kilometres (3 miles) in a closed circuit in 1 min. 45 2-5 sec. Prevost did 50 kilometres in 14 min. 48 1-5 sec.; 100 in 29 min. 40 sec.; and 200 in 59 min. 45 3-5 sec. Gilbert flew 500 kilometres in 4 hours 54 min. 6 1-5 sec.; and Fourny's record for 1000 kilometres (620 miles) was 13 hours 1 min. 12 sec. These were all without a passenger; but particularly remarkable was the 500-kilometres performance of Renaux, with one passenger, in 4 hours 43 min. 16 sec. In respect of duration, the record is held by Landmann, who flew for 21 hours 48 min. 45 sec. without alighting! As for altitude, Legagneux ascended to 6120 metres, or no less than 20,078 feet! All the records above quoted were achieved before the war, but it is by the intrepidity—not to say heroism—of the men who made them that even more wonderful things have been done in actual warfare, ending with the epic flight only the other day from the French lines to Munich, and thence over the Alps of Tyrol and on to Rome itself.

Not Quite the Same Thing.

A very pronounced tendency has been manifested of late in a certain motoring weekly to pick out howlers, or alleged howlers, from the pages of non-technical contemporaries. It is

therefore desirable to point out that accuracy is not a quality which is to be limited to the discussion of gears and pistons, and that even technical journals can come hopelessly to grief when venturing outside the realm of mechanics. In the paper in question an illustration appeared with the title "A Typical Village in Eastern Austria." As a matter of fact, the scene depicted would be easily recognised by travellers as the main street of Golling, in the Salzburg Alps. It adjoins the German frontier, and is 226 miles west of the eastern frontier of Austria. But in days of such grave happenings as are commonplaces of the time, such trivial points are scarcely worth discussion.



AS SHE IS WHEN NOT FLYING AND WHEN FLYING: MISS CECILIA WRIGHT.

It was announced recently in the American papers that Miss Cecilia Wright had started out at the Mineola Aviation Field with the intention of establishing a new altitude record for women piloting aeroplanes. She was fifty-two minutes in the air, and reached an altitude of 5100 feet. She is an Englishwoman. The weather conditions were not particularly good.



THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR AIDING FRENCH WOUNDED: LADY MOTORISTS FETCHING AND CARRYING PARCELS OF GIFTS.

The American Committee in question distributes gifts to French soldiers in the trenches, and to French wounded. Lady motorists are seen here outside the warehouse, waiting for orders.—[French Official Photograph.]



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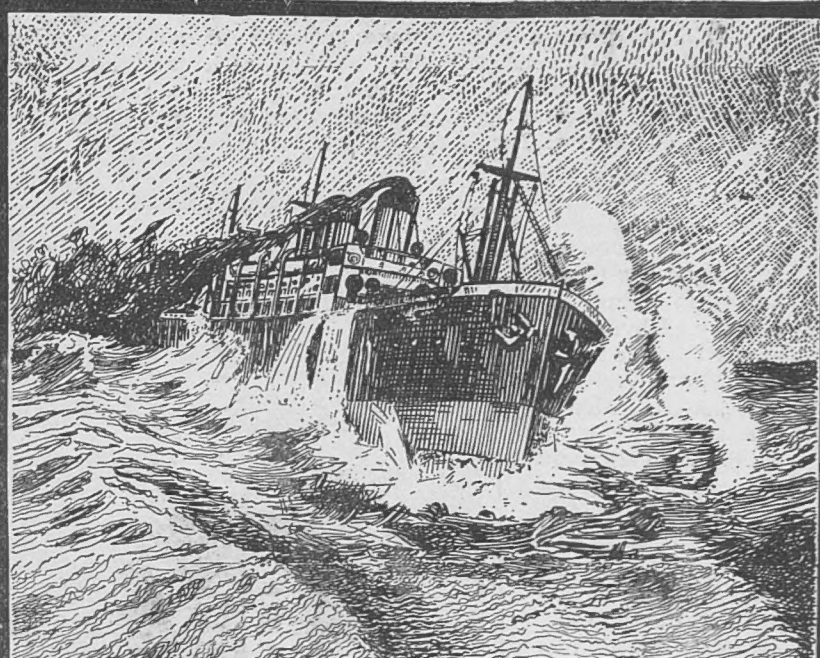
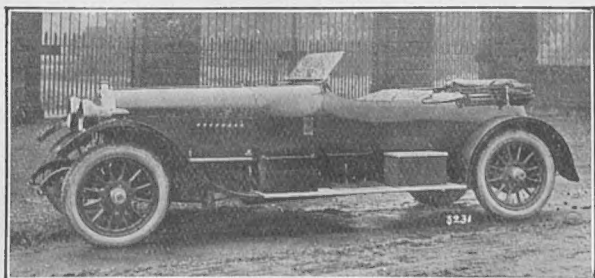
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CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

LIKE the grown-ups, the younger generation does not altogether abandon the reading habit in war time. The publishers, good men, recognise this fact, and have provided accordingly. Some of their wares in this class of literature have even found their way to the offices of *The Sketch*, though not in such numbers as in the piping times of peace.

A happy alliance of colour - pictures and music has been formed in "English Nursery Rhymes," selected and edited by L. Edna Walter, B.Sc., A.C.G.I., harmonised by Lucy E. Broadwood, and illustrated by Dorothy M. Wheeler (A. and C. Black). The editor, it is stated, "has taken the most popular of the old versions both of words and melodies, from the most authentic sources." In such a case it must be very difficult to decide which are the most popular versions. It is all a matter of personal experience. The words and tunes one happens to have been brought up on naturally seem to possess the only true claim to authenticity. The present reviewer happens to have been brought up on a different set of tunes from those adopted by Miss Walter, consequently he is inclined to dispute

the supremacy claimed for her selection; but, as already pointed out, it would be hard to discover which are the melodies most familiar to the greatest number of little folks, or of persons who were little folks at some past period of history. It is quite possible that Miss Walter's tunes might head the poll if a referendum could be taken, and we must leave it at that. As regards Miss Wheeler's charming pictures for the book, no such reservations need be made. It would

be impossible to imagine anything more dainty and delicate, either in outline or in colour, or more completely appropriate to their purpose. The whole book is delightful, and the thousands of children who will doubtless be brought up on it, in various parts of the British Empire, are certainly much to be envied.

The publishers of "Collins's Children's Annual" (Collins's Clear-Type Press) have attached to the cover of the book some printed "Suggestions to Assist the Reviewer." This is really a touching act of considerate sympathy with a much-harassed race, and the present scribe feels duly grateful. Yet, either from old-fashioned

prejudice, or through the action of some lingering atoms of conscience that still haunt the dark recesses of his brain, he rather prefers to make his own remarks on any work submitted to him. In this case

[Continued overleaf.]

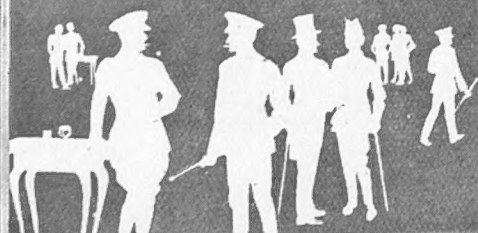


HER FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY SINCE HER MARRIAGE: PRINCESS GEORGE OF BATTENBERG IN SCOTLAND. Our picture shows Princess George of Battenberg (whose marriage, as the Countess Nada Torby, was recently celebrated and caused so much interest in Society, her young husband, Prince George of Battenberg, R.N., sharing her popularity) opening a Café Chantant and Sale in aid of the Black Watch Comforts Fund, at the Masonic Hall, Dunfermline. Lady Elgin and other well-known ladies in Scottish society were present at the ceremony.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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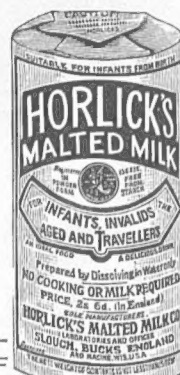
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